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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

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University Gazette.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The seventh number of the "University Gazette" will contain a prose article by Mr. George Murray.

Editorials.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the University Club, held not long ago, the main feature was an unfavorable financial showing, which caused no little discouragement. A resolution was then adopted declaring the advisability of dissolving the club and reorganizing it on a different basis, but what the new method was the resolution did not suggest.

This should not be carried into effect; the club was not formed without much labor, and if the present scheme fail it will be useless to attempt another. The Furnishing Fund was contributed to liberally, and there is now nothing needed to make the rooms a pleasant resort. The club is a rallying ground for the graduates, and the need of such a meeting place was never more keenly felt than at present, when all the members of the University are awake and alive to their responsibilities in connection with it. It is a meeting place for the graduates and their former teachers, the benefactors and friends of the University. There, too, the students can meet with those who have gone before them, and learn the rich traditions of McGill's long foretime, and soften the relation existing between professor and undergraduate. To dissolve the club would be worse than a mistake; there is no need for the action, for the present state of affairs is due merely to temporary apathy and not to a lack of real interest in its welfare. The finances are in as good a condition as last year and the prospects are better. Though there is a large body of students and graduates to whom the club is a real home, new blood is needed to replace the part that is being drawn away by old members dropping out. Members who, even if they have no personal need for club, should support it for the sake of the University.

There is at present a good deal of unoccupied room, and, with a very small expense, fine additional apartments could be fitted up for renting. The St. James Club owns the building, and it should be approached with a view to having these alterations made. It would be profitable for the University Club to pay even ten per cent. on the outlay, for the income derived from rents would be equal to the membership fees of at least thirty members. If this outlay is refused, and additional funds do not arise through an increased membership, then the University Club should procure quarters where the finances would be merely a matter of arrangement, as would now be the case if the unoccupied room was available for meeting purposes. Meantime, every member should make an effort to deepen his own interest and widen the general interest in the institution. There are many graduates and undergraduates who would make excellent members, and they are only waiting to be asked to enter the University Club.

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE.

In view of the trouble that has recently occurred between the first and second years in Medicine, we deem it proper to make some suggestions as to the relations that should exist between the various classes, not only in this but in the other Faculties.

In the present case the point at issue seemed to centre in which class should occupy the front seats during a lecture on chemistry. We are informed that the freshmen were promptly "fired," to use the term that has been lately applied to unceremonious eviction.

Now, seeing that the second year men are senior in the primaries, and moreover, that they are required to pass on this subject at the close of the session, it is but natural that they should have not only the choice of seats, but the preference in all cases where position or precedence might be of advantage.

This, we repeat, would naturally follow from the dictates of common sense, but in addition, there are the "unwritten laws" of college life, the propriety of which should be self-evident to every freshman.

While we thus unhesitatingly condemn the freshmen, we still remember that the present second year, when occupying a similar position, were guilty of certain acts that have gone far to destroy that discipline to which "gentlemen of the first year" have long conformed. Truly they may be said to have "sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

WHAT is an editor?—not an editor in general, but the editor of a college paper, of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, if you like? "Why," you say, "he's a kind of '*multum in parvo*,' or, rather, '*onnes in unibus*;' a fellow whom we appoint to hunt round for all the racy and interesting news he can find, and serve it up to us in good literary style, at regular hours. If he can't get the matter, he must make it; if he can't make it, he must find some one who can. Each faculty appoints an editor to represent it; when he is selected, the duty of supporting the paper is transferred to him. He has the honor, why not the responsibility and work as well? Isn't that what he is elected for?" All you ask in return for the position you give him is that he shall get reports of all meetings around the college; catch all the flying jokes; note all that is going on in the college world; write literary articles to give a higher tone to the paper, and produce editorials, trenchant and clever, on any and every subject which may present itself. One thing more, he must see that this matter is arranged, printed, corrected, published and delivered regularly every two weeks.

If you think so, you are correct; such he is.

Allow us another question. What should he be? A good and concise definition of an editor's duty was given in a late number of the *Writer*: "An editor's duty is to fill the waste paper basket." "Why so? Because the public should fill the paper. The public, in this case the students, should contribute the matter for publication; the editor's province is to select, reject, and arrange the matter to be published. What is our object in questioning you in this way? It is this: that you may know what an editor's work is and help to make it what it should be. THE GAZETTE gets some good contributions, but it might get more; its college news is full, but might be fuller, and so every department. Its work is chiefly editorial, when it should be chiefly contributed. The remedy is, to each student—*write!* news, letters, tales, jokes, poetry, anything and everything. Fill THE GAZETTE, and we will take good care to keep the waste basket full.

The recent lecture by Sir William Dawson on the Constitution of McGill University has resulted in attention being drawn to the study of that Constitution more forcibly than heretofore.

The constitution of a college is its heart, and needs to be carefully sounded once in a while to determine its condition. A constitution suited to a generation ago may not be suitable for the present; and perhaps it will be well for McGill to reconsider hers.

We are glad to encourage the friends of the college, and more particularly its graduates in their study of the constitution of McGill.

The recent meeting of the Graduates' Society, reported in the last number of THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, was one of extreme importance. No one can, for an instant, suppose that the large body of McGill graduates can have other than the welfare of the University at heart. The moderate way in which the Constitution was discussed, the evident respect for the governors, are just what one might expect from those to whom McGill's success in the future is an anxious desideratum.

It follows, therefore, that when men, who have proved themselves sagacious in business or professional life, express dissatisfaction with the Constitution of our University, their words are worthy of respectful consideration. It may be that further study of the different sides of the question may result in the decision that no great alteration, perhaps no alteration, in the Constitution is necessary. But, at least, the graduates should come to some decision on the point and, if necessary, acquaint the governing body of the University with their views.

The hockey club of McGill College must not be forgotten at this season of the year. We are not writing to call the attention of old players to the sport; there is no need of that, for they will certainly be found on the ice. We desire, however, to recommend the sport to the new-comers, who do not know its charms. Do you want to learn to skate? Then play hockey, it will give you steadiness on your feet, grace and agility of motion a hundred times quicker than mere circling a rink will give you skill. Do you want a sport combining the speed of lacrosse and the perseverance of football, then again we say play hockey. There is, perhaps, no game more rapid, more exhilarating and fascinating than this, nor any better suited to train the student for the campus.

To be a fine player is difficult. Speed, coolness, audacity, adroitness are needed. But to be able to enjoy the game needs little practice.

McGill's is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, hockey clubs in the Dominion, and her voice in hockey councils has done much to conserve the game. She has fallen on evil days, so far as success in matches is concerned. The cup won in open competition at the first Carnival has been lonesome too long. Out of the hundreds of students at McGill surely seven men can be found able to retrieve the name of the club this year.

We quote from an editorial in the *Cornell Era*:—

"No one can deny that a college is, to a large extent, judged by its college press, and this press will have a standard of excellence commensurate with the support it receives. Every class of students, therefore, that forms an integral part of the University, that is benefited by its good name, owes a support to the press."

Oh! all ye students of McGill, cast off your garments of parsimony and indifference, deny yourselves the cigarette, and ye, O! fair ones, the caramel; stretch forth your monied hands to the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE—do your duty, and reap the reward of virtue!

We publish in this issue the notice of a paper, read before the Theo Dora Society, by a lady who has been for some time engaged in missionary work among the Indians in the far North. We are glad that—full of life and energy as it has proved itself—the Theo Dora does not confine its researches to foreign fields, but is at length drawing the attention of the students to Home Missions.

Before the issue of another number we shall have had our Christmas dinners and entered upon a new year. To all the students, we, of THE GAZETTE, wish "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.

(Author unknown.)

I seek, Sabinus, by this little stone
Great love for thee, departed friend to own:
My love will last—thy love for me to show,
Drink not of Lethe in the realms below.

ON VENUS ARISING FROM THE SEA.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Charm'd by Apelles' magic, here thine eyes
May view sweet Venus from the waves arise.
Twin'd in her hair, her glowing fingers press
The dew of ocean from each dripping tress—
So fair, that Juno's self and Pallas sigh,
"With thee 'twere vain in loveliness to vie."

THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Small is the chapel where I make my home,
Queen of these shores all white with ocean foam,
But still 'tis dear: my presence calms the waves,
And oft the mariner from shipwreck saves.
Pay court to Venus—she will succour thee
In love's wild storms, or on the raging sea.

THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Anytê.)

Fair aphroditê, from this marble fane
Delights to gaze upon the glassy main,
Smoothing the sailor's pathway—while the deep
Beholds her image, and is lull'd asleep.

DISCONTENTED.

(Author unknown.)

Poor, when a boy, but opulent, when old,
Twice have I suffer'd misery untold:
Wealth, when I could have used it, I had none—
I have it now, when life is nearly done!

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

(Polemon.)

Sweet Cupid! kill my power to love,
Unless I'm loved again:
Thus, free from passion I shall prove,
Or share the blissful pain.

A LAMENT.

(Callimachus.)

The gentle maids of Samos' isle
Miss their sweet fellow-weaver's smile:
For Crethis oft with prattle gay
Would while the hours of toil away,
But now she sleeps beyond recall,
The sleep that must be slept by all!

ON THE STATUE OF A BACCHANTE.

(Author unknown.)

Restrain that Bacchante! ere the marble maid
Leaps from the shrine, and seeks the forest glade.

ON THE PICTURE OF VENUS BY APELLES.

(Julian, of Egypt.)

Stand back! while Venus quits her ocean home,
Or her wet locks will sprinkle thee with foam.

LOVE AND WINE.

(Rufinus.)

Love, by himself, I can defy,
With Reason for my shield:
When Bacchus fights as Love's ally,
To two such Gods I yield.

THE ZONE OF VENUS.

(Antiphanes, of Macedonia.)

When Venus loosed the cestus of desire
From her white breast, the love-compelling zone
Was lent thee, Ino, all mankind to fire—
But thou hast used it against me alone!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

IN PACE.

Away from thine thou laid'st thee down to die.
 But not 'mid strangers. Through the lonely night,
 Fond friends sat watching, by the flickering light,
 To catch with pious awe thy parting sigh.
 Yea, and the Virgin Mother, in the calm
 Of that flush Sabbath eve, stood at thy bed,
 And Guardian Angels lingered near thy head,
 To fan thy temples with their snowy palm.
 Rest gently where they laid thee! On thy grave
 The rosy clouds their holy dew will send,
 The silver grasses' whisp'ring lips will bend,
 And violets blue their fragrant chalice wave;
 While in my heart the memory of thee
 Green as those Summer blossoms e'er shall be.

Montreal.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

Contributions.

COUNT VON ENGEL'S EXPERIENCE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY ARTHUR WEIR, B.A. Sc.

Europe, with its historical memories stretching far back into the world's dawn; Europe, with its Thermopylæ, its Marathon, its yellow Tiber and mighty ruins; its universities, its stores of written knowledge, and its vast laboratories, had claimed Dick Benton for four years. He had gone thither to pursue his studies at the feet of its great masters in science, and had devoted himself to his studies with the ardor of youth, the perseverance of dulness, and the achievements of genius. But he had done far more than study science. He had scaled the high peaks of the Alps, had wandered through the Russian wheat fields, the green lanes of England, and the wine countries of southern France. He had dallied with the peoples of all lands; had met the seducing senora and Jeanette, and exchanged soft German words with Gretchen, as well as danced in palaces, and flirted with Madame la Marquise. Yet none had touched his heart, or swerved it a hair's-breadth from the idol of his early youth, or made him faithless to her in act or word. He had left his Canadian home in the rose month of June, while the sky was blue above him as Italian lakes, and the sun gleamed on hill and stream and plain like a golden shield; and wherever he had gone, in the four years of his absence, the thoughts of home had arisen at every sight, and the greater was the beauty he saw the greater was the beauty he recalled. There was no land and no season which he could not reproduce in Canadian memories. Wandering through France, the soft tongue and vivacious spirits of its peasantry had recalled thoughts of his native province, Quebec, with its merry, innocent *habitants* baking their bread in the hot ashes of a brick oven out doors near the bee-hive, and dancing at night in the village streets to the music of violins. He had well nigh been done to death one Russian winter, during a long drive to a distant town, through a blinding snow-storm, while the horses trembled as they ran at the cry of the wolves, but even in this his heart turned homeward, and the jingle of the bells and the frantic bounds of the steeds seemed part of his Canadian fancy. He had lived the students' life in the Quartier Latin, and had held his own at

Bierkeippe and duello in Germany; yet through all the panorama that had passed before him there had pierced a vision of a stately house in magnificent Montreal, with a brown-eyed child singing through it.

And now he was going home. With honors offered him, with palace doors opened to him, for his scholarship and rank had entitled him to this, he yet refused all, for his heart was filled with the hopes of manhood, and the glamor of first love.

When he left home she had been sixteen. Now she must have blossomed into full womanhood. They had corresponded a little, yet she had never known his love. Guess it she could, perhaps, have done, but she never knew it, for her age protected her. Dick's love was too true to have taken advantage of a young girl's fancy, and tie her to him, without liberty to choose elsewhere at will.

And now he was going home.

Was it home? His people had scattered since he left, and there would be no house to receive him for Christmas, as it had so often done of yore. He would arrive almost on Christmas Eve, and in his own city, would have to stay at an hotel.

But the hotels of Canada, unlike those of Europe, were homes to those who could afford to pay for their luxuries. There was no gloomy candle to light one to bed, as in Europe, for one thing.

Dick arrived in Montreal from New York on the day before Christmas, in the morning, and at once had his luggage taken to the Windsor Hotel. Here he sat, after an early dinner, and wondered how he should spend Christmas Eve. There had been, before he left, one house in which he was always sure of a welcome. But would he be welcome now, after four years of absence? That was the question. Had Gladys forgotten him, the lad who use to worship the very ground she trod, and foolishly let her know it? Had her heart changed, as her body must have done, and did she now rule empress in another heart? Well, he would see her, anyway. And yet, somehow, he did not want her to know him until he learned whether or not he had a rival.

He cogitated long before he hit upon a plan. At last he arrived at some decision, for he sat down and began vigorously to scribble a letter, which took him much time and trouble. However, it satisfied him when finished, which, after all, is more than can be said of much other work that takes time and trouble.

Dick, while in Europe, had conformed to the habits and customs of the natives. He had gone away a beardless youth, with just the promise of a mustache. But during his stay in Germany he had cultivated a beard, and had it trimmed in orthodox fashion. His clothes, when he arrived in Montreal, were of English make, but he had a number of German suits also, and, strange to say, doffed the English style for one of these.

He took a lonely tea at the Windsor, having, for a reason best known to himself, avoided hunting up his old cronies. He seemed to enjoy himself, for a smile flickered over his face frequently as he dined.

After tea he armed himself with his letter, and set out for the house of the idol of his heart.

It was with some timidity that he rang the bell,

and when the servant appeared his first words were in German.

She shook her head and replied humbly :

"I don't spake Frinch, sorr."

Then in English he asked for Mr. Psamton, and the servant ushered him into the reception room. Mr. Psamton came in a few moments afterwards, and Dick felt a great inclination to spring forward and give the old gentlemen a hearty greeting. But he was playing a part, and restrained himself.

"Herr Psamton?" he enquired.

"That is my name, sir. To what do I owe the pleasure of this meeting?" replied the courtly Canadian.

Dick explained unblushingly that he was a German count, travelling in Canada, and a college mate of Dick Benton, who had given him several letters to Montrealers, among them one to Mr. Psamton, and that he had hastened almost immediately on his arrival to pay his respects to Mr. Psamton, more especially as he understood that that gentleman was interested in Dick, and might be desirous of hearing the latest news about him.

On hearing Dick's name, the face of Mr. Psamton so lightened up with pleasure that Dick could have hugged him. Instead he offered the letter, which Mr. Psamton took and read.

Oh! Dick, where was your modesty when you wrote that letter. One would have thought that Count Von Engel was an angel indeed. A musician, a poet, a linguist, the leader of intellect and of fashion in Berlin; so the letter described the Count. Mr. Psamton's heart warmed to him. Dick was a handsome young fellow, tall and well-built, and with an open countenance. His host did not expect that duplicity of any kind could be behind that face, and seating himself plunged at once into a conversation with the *soi disant* Count, with Dick for theme.

It was lucky for Dick's stratagem that he knew as much of Germany as any German count, for Mr. Psamton had himself studied there, and was perfectly familiar with Berlin, Berlin society and the trend of German thought.

Suddenly he sprang up. "How selfish of me," he said, "to keep you here, while the rest of my family equally with myself are interested in our friend Benton. Come, you shall spend Christmas Eve with us, and tell us of Dick and Germany until we weary you."

Dick's heart gave a great bound. His ruse was to succeed—he was to see Gladys again. Besides the words of Mr. Psamton set themselves to music in his soul. So they were still fond of him. What happiness!

With feigned reluctance to break in upon a family circle on Christmas Eve, he accepted the invitation. Mr. Psamton hastened to relieve his anxiety. "We will have a few friends in," he said, "and we will be happy to make you one of them."

As he entered the parlor Dick glanced around him. How familiar everything looked. He walked as if in a dream—he had a bad habit of day dreaming, and was now in an instant four years back in time, standing in the doorway with a sweet girl, saying adieu almost inarticulately.

He was recalled to himself by the voice of Mr. Psamton introducing Count Von Engel to his wife. He awoke with a start, scarcely recognizing himself as the owner of the name.

Mrs. Psamton rose, a slim, petite body, with very pleasant manners and a sweet expression. She greeted him kindly. There was so far no one else in the room; and he dared not presume to know that there should be another member of the family.

The three were soon in the midst of an interesting conversation about the funeral of Kaiser Wilhelm, which the Count had attended. Dick was in his element. He described the throngs that filled the city and overflowed into the neighboring hamlets. He told how thousands of men, failing to get shelter for the night, went into the restaurants and intentionally got drunk, in order that they might be allowed to lie where they fell, for drunkards are treated with great consideration in Germany. He told how he had been repeatedly foiled in his efforts to see the body of the Emperor lying in state, the many streets converging at the palace being so packed with people that no one could pass. He laughingly told how he dressed as a girl and, with others similarly attired, passed the Imperial guards, who, followers of Mars that they were, were lovers of Venus and could not refuse a plea backed by a pretty face. All three laughed at this, and Mr. Psamton said it must have been great loyalty that made the Count take off his beard in order to see his dead Emperor.

In the midst of his laughter Dick chanced to look towards the door. The laugh died on his lips. There, in her evening dress, stood a figure that, though he scarcely recognized it, his heart told him was his old love.

The child has become a woman, and a magnificent woman at that. In ordinary dress the change would have been striking enough, but when added to this was the glory of her evening toilet, in which Dick had never seen Gladys, the picture struck him speechless. He was like Heine before the Venus of Milo, and his agitation was as deep as that susceptible poet's.

Men will be satisfied with this description of my heroine; the lady students may be glad to know that Gladys was dressed in a maize surah dress, with an over dress of black lace, and wore a corsage bouquet of yellow roses, large and fragrant.

"Here's Mrs. Burton," said Mr. Psamton. Then rising, he said, "Gladys, dear, let me present Count Von Engel to you. He has just come from your old friend Dick."

Imagine, if you can, Dick's feelings. First at the loveliness of the girl, and then at hearing her addressed as Mrs. Burton. He turned pale and stammered a few words of compliment, which Gladys gracefully acknowledged. She went and sat by her mother.

Dick flushed and paled alternately, and I am afraid the old folks thought it was a case of love at first sight. If they did, they said nothing and endeavored to reanimate the conversation. But Dick was *distracted*, and Gladys cold. He answered Mr. Psamton's questions absently, and the conversation lagged, until by chance Mr. Psamton adverted to the German societies. In

spite of his trouble, Dick became interested and he began, first with hesitation, then with increasing flow of words, to give an account of the societies to which he, in the role of Count Von Engel, belonged.

"I suppose the X—— society still flourishes," said his host.

"Indeed, yes," answered Dick. "I am a 'Squire' in that society."

"And I," said Mr. Psamton, with some pride, "am a 'Ritter.'"

"That is the highest grade," said Dick, "and hard to get."

"Yes," replied Mr. Psamton, "I had to read a paper and afterwards to defend my views against all comers. It was a trying time for me, but I won my spurs."

"What times we had," continued the elder man, thoughtfully. "The finest meeting I recollect was one in which Bismarck spoke, a young man then, and silent Von Moltke made a speech."

"The best meeting I remember," said Dick, "was one in which the leading living poet in Germany delivered a poem. He was accompanied on the piano by a master, who suited the melody and chords to the varying feelings expressed in the poem."

"How lovely that must have been," said Gladys, involuntarily.

"Indeed it was," replied Dick, turning to her.

"Your friend Dick Benton turned some of the verses into English afterwards. Some of the translations were very sad, far sadder than the original. We always thought Dick had left a sweetheart behind him, for he had none in Germany."

"Dick Benton," said Gladys, coldly, yet with a strange twinkle in her eyes, "was far too much in love with himself to have a surplus of affection for anyone else."

Dick started. Here was one result of his ruse for which he did not bargain. He had an idea that it would be pleasant to hear kind remarks about him, which, under his real name, he could never have heard; but to sit and listen to unfavorable criticism, and from her, was trying in the extreme.

"Gladys," said her mother, chidingly, "you wrong Dick. Besides, you have no right to speak thus of him," she continued, with a smile.

Again Dick was cut. It never entered his head to think that her mother was gently alluding to Dick's known partiality for Gladys. He thought the allusion was to Gladys' marriage.

Mr. Psamton, to divert the conversation, asked Dick if he remembered any of Dick's translations, and if he would repeat one.

"Certainly," said the Count. But pray remember that what I speak was meant to be sung. In the original it is called *Die Wahrheit*."

With considerable elocutionary skill, Dick delivered the following lines:

I have learned the truth,
And the day is dark and the sun cold,
And the roses are fallen to dust.
Dead in their youth
Lie my hopes, my love, and my trust,
And my heart is swept by an uncontrolled
Tide-rush of pain.

Never again

Shall love lead me onward over defeat,

Up, ever up, to the topmost sun-flooded peak
In the mountainous path of life.

Joy, hope and trust dead! what is there left me to seek?

What need is there now left for strife?

Come to my arms, O Death! and our bridal be sweet!

Death! thou hast been maligned.

Angel fair thou art with thy Lethean kiss, dear sprite;

Soft thy caress, as a lover's,

Sweet thy wing music that hovers

Above me in sorrow and pain.

I hear thy low voice in the wind,

I feel the touch of thy night black robes unconfined.

Come to my arms, O Death!

Bring me forgetfulness, peace, hide her face from my sight;

Lull me to sleep, sound sleep, with thy tuberose
breath.

I suppose Dick thought he had scored a point against Gladys with these lugubrious verses. If he did she never showed it; in racing parlance, "she never turned a hair."

By this time the guests were arriving and the little party was broken up. But, as Count von Engel, Dick secured the promise of two dances from Gladys before she was whirled away by some one else. The guests were not many, nor was dancing the feature of the evening. The gathering was a typical Christmas one, and many Christmas games were played.

The Count was the lion of the hour, and had any number of petticoats round him most of the evening. Heartbroken as he thought himself, he was man enough to relish the attentions paid him, and flirted outrageously, the ladies excusing any of his too tender remarks by the expression, "So German, you know."

But that night was to be one of surprises for him. The first surprise was to find Gladys called Mrs. Burton. The second was to find her early in the evening outdoing the others in her attentions to him. With him she carried on a really excessive flirtation, but every time she let him touch her hand, or every time she gave him a particularly languishing glance, she called him Count, and Dick lost all his pleasure in realizing that it was not Dick Benton, her lover, but Count von Engel, a stranger, whom she was so kindly treating.

Yet he was carried away by his feelings. If she was lost to him, he would, at least, even if unfairly, enjoy her kindnesses for that evening.

There was another surprise shortly, this time as unwelcome a one as the first. He was strolling about the room with Gladys on his arm, when she stopped him in front of an undersized, sharp-featured man, whom she introduced as Mr. Burton.

Poor Dick. He had need of all his self-control. So this was her husband. And, to make matters worse, he had not the poor consolation of thinking the man was unworthy of such a wife. There was something about Mr. Burton that commanded respect, in spite of his size, and something attractive as well.

Mr. Burton held out his hand, but Dick could not take it, and the other dropped it hastily to his side and faced Dick haughtily.

Dick bowed, and moved to pass on, but Gladys held him back.

"Oh, Count!" she said, "I did so want you two to meet. You are both good actors ("too good," groaned Dick to himself,) and both college men. I am sure you will like each other."

Thus brought to bay, Dick nerved himself, and, turning round, said steadily:

"I must congratulate you, sir, on your happy marriage."

"Thank you," said the other, cordially, his constraint vanishing. "But I did not think you had time to form so just an opinion of my wife as you hold."

Dick was taken aback, but only for a moment. "One does not need to be long with—Mrs. Burton—to appreciate her nobleness," he said, voicing the name with an effort, and turning his face from Gladys as he did so.

She broke into a laugh. "Come along, Count," she said, "I want to show you the conservatory."

As Dick, with Gladys clinging to his arm, walked in and out among the plants and flowers in the hothouse, he paid little attention to her chatter. His mind was full of bitter thoughts, and he was determining his future career. He would return to Germany, and accept the position as "professor" that had been offered him. He could not breathe, unstified, the air that surrounded his companion. He almost gasped for breath at the moment. Gladys seemed, like him, to feel the heat also, for she drew him to the far end of the conservatory, and sank down upon a seat, pointing him to another. They were alone.

"Now, Count," she said, "you men like to talk of yourselves and your doings. Tell me about your life in Germany. It will interest me, and I am tired."

So Dick began to tell her about the lectures at college; how every student may map out his own course of study; of the bierkeippes, the rambles into Switzerland, the balls at the embassies, and the thousand and one things that take place in student life and fashionable circles. He made no effort to mention his own name, but Gladys adroitly, or accidentally, set him talking about his chum, Dick Benton.

"You told us," she said, "that you thought he had left a sweetheart behind him in Canada. What put that idea into your head?"

Dick looked at her before replying. She was plucking the feathers in her fan, and he could not see her eyes.

"Because," he said, "he had no sweetheart there, though all the others had. Because he always looked for the Canadian mail, and sometimes flushed up and ran to his room when he got a letter. But that was seldom."

"You men always defend one another," said Gladys, scornfully. "I heard a different tale than that."

"Then you heard a lie," he said, fiercely.

"Count," she said, coldly, "you forget yourself."

Dick sprang to his feet. "Forget myself!" he cried.

"Can I calmly choose my words when I hear myself maligned? Can I——" Here he stopped, and Gladys also rose and looked him in the face.

"Have I understood you aright?" she asked. "Did you say yourself?"

Dick was silent, and looked down. Had his eyes

been where they should have been, they would have read merriment and not anger in her own. Indeed, she was so nearly convulsed with laughter that she had to pause to regain control of her voice.

At this important moment there came, what was to Dick a welcome diversion. A little blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of about fourteen, came running up to them. She was the child of Gladys' eldest sister.

"Count Engel," she said, "I have been hunting for you just all over. You promised to write in my autograph album. Here are pen and ink. Now write just here, or you will forget all about me."

Dick took the materials, and sat down again. "Your name is Edith, is it not?" he said.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Then I'll write you an acrostic. It will read—'To Edith, my Queen.'"

While the child held the ink-bottle he wrote:—

This great world is a casket, richly chased,
Ornate with gems, within whose satiny nest
Enshrined, a jewel, fairer than the rest,
Darting bright rays of kindness, and graced
In its pure heart with virtues interlaced,
Transparent lies, by perfumed walls caressed.
He who shall win this jewel shall be blessed
More than man's due and heaven on earth shall taste.
Yet also is this world a realm, where reigns
Queen of all hearts, with virtue's diadem,
Upon the throne, a stately, blue-eyed maid,
Evil's destroyer, soother of all pains.
Edith, thou art this Queen, this lustrous gem,
Nor is there gem more rare, nor queen more bright
arrayed.

"Oh! thank you," cried the child, as she read the initials. "How nice that is. But," she added "you haven't put your name to it."

So he wrote under the sonnet "Von Engel."

"One moment," said Gladys. "Had you not better make an addition to that?"

"What shall I write?" asked Dick.

"Do me the favor to write the name of *your friend*, Richard Benton."

"But——" began Dick.

"Write!" she said, imperiously; and he wrote.

"What does it matter," he thought; "she is lost, anyway. There is no further need for the Count."

Little Edith had been eyeing the names. Then she suddenly broke out with—

"Richard Benton? Why, that's just the name on the letter I found under Aunt Gladys' pillow this morning. And it's just the same writing, too. How funny!"

"Edith," said her aunt hastily. "It's bed-time, you had better go to your room."

After the child had departed, Gladys turned to Dick, who was standing moodily beside a rose bush.

"Well, Dick," she said, extending her hand, "it's time for us to make up. You deserved some return for coming into the house in disguise, and I think you have got it."

But Dick took no notice of her proffered hand. He turned towards her with a most woe-begone expression. "You have had your amusement, Miss Psamton," he said, "and now you will let me go. I was a fool to think a woman would be glad to see a man who had been absent four years. I was mistaken in

congratulating your husband on having won a noble woman."

Now this was very unjust of Dick. He had no right to think ill of Gladys, even if she had chosen another, since he himself had never given her an opportunity to choose himself. But lovesick men are often unjust.

Gladys had led him a pretty dance all evening, but I question if he was not getting even in the end. It was certainly her turn now to grow pale.

"Dick," she said, "you surely don't believe I am married?"

He moved towards her. "Tell me," he said hoarsely, "have you been deceiving me in this as in other things? Are you married? Who is that man Burton? Why are you called Mrs. Burton?"

There is something in the exhibition of strong feeling that silences ridicule, even in the mean, and Gladys was certainly not mean. She might easily have kept him longer on the rack, and I have no doubt some of her sex will say she ought to have done so; but she did not. She began to explain almost piteously:

"Mr. Thompson and I acted in theatricals on hallowe'en, and they have called us Mr. and Mrs. Burton ever since. He was married last month to Miss Hampton, and thought that you meant her when you congratulated him. Papa called me Mrs. Burton as I came in, and I saw you start and I knew you, so I thought I'd—But after all," she said, moving away, and assuming her old easy manner, "what I thought doesn't concern Count Von Engel. Please take me to mamma, and then you can go away as soon as you like."

Dick followed and stopped her. "Was that true that little Edith said?" he queried.

"What is that to you?" she retorted. "You have no right to ask such a question."

"No right?" he said, indignantly, "when I love you?"

"You haven't said so," she said coyly.

"Oh!" said Dick, "I thought I had made fool enough of myself for you to guess it. Well, I say it now. And now will you answer me. Was Edith right?"

"Yes," whispered Gladys.

Hold on! I've reached the limit of my space, just when matters are beginning to grow interesting. Oh! well the reader can supply the rest from his or her own experience. I have had none. Kisses, and whispers, and perhaps tears, with a marriage bell in the distance, are after all like a dinner party—interesting to those partaking, but only tantalizing to the onlookers.

THE TRUE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HATCHET.

A PLAIN STORY IN SHORT SENTENCES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Sam Washington never became famous. Circumstances were against him; so was his wife. Other things weren't a circumstance to her. Sam married young, and had a family and a big farm. He had to let his brother George become the father of his coun-

try. Sam was its uncle; he's called Uncle Sam, now. Sam got into as many scrapes as George did, but he didn't have a chance; he was never found out. No one asked *him* to tell the truth. The cat was always in the cellar when *he* hooked cream. He dug over that very cherry-preserve, where George struck a bonanza and made himself and his hatchet famous, before George did.

Some people have a great respect for truth; they must have, they keep such a respectful distance from it. George had no such reverence for it. Truth wasn't sacred to him. He'd slash it around on week-days just like Sunday. He'd just as soon say "I did it" when nobody was around as when he was found out. He liked it; he was fond of seeing other people feel bad. People don't like such vandalism. That's why so few have followed his example. Sam's tools weren't sharp enough to carve out his own fortune. He had to use the old axe. His father never gave *him* a new hatchet. It was favoritism that brought George to the front. George was the child of fortune; he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth—and a hatchet in his hand. *He* didn't have to carve out his own fortune. Fortune was his father. Sam was only a son of old Washington. He afterwards became a son of temperance, and was made G. W. P., but he wasn't one then. Sam did his level best, but he didn't have any chance with only an old axe. He worked at that cherry-tree for most an hour but couldn't get it down, and was just wondering what he would do about the blamed thing when George came along, swinging his hatchet and looking for something to tell the truth about. He saw his chance and the tree at the same time, walked into it and had it down in less than two minutes. Sam flung his axe over the fence upon the wood-pile and sat down on a stump to watch George. The old man came along just as George straightened up. "Who's been a-cutting down thet there cherry tree?" he thundered. George knocked the chips off the axe, and before Sam could get in a word, he said "Father, I can't tell a lie, I did it." Of course he couldn't; it wouldn't have done any good to lie about it. That would only have been making a virtue of necessity. Then the old man fell on George's neck with tears (if it had been Sam, he would have fallen on him with a switch) and slobbered over him, and said what a good boy he was, the he hoped Sam would follow in his foot-steps. Sam said he did—beforehand. But he hadn't any proof; he was sitting on the stump chewing a straw, without a hair turned, and the axe was over on the wood-pile. His father smiled, he didn't believe *him*, said he supposed he was an axe-essay-ry before the fact—the old man would have his joke. "Anyway," says he, "you were an accessory before the fact, for you let George cut down the tree; guess I'd better lick ye." That hurt Sam awfully—not the licking, he was used to that,—but the injustice; he didn't have any chance. He never recovered after it. He lingered on a while and married a wife, but she took his father's place and licked him, too. So Sam crawled into a corner and died. The jury brought in a verdict of "death from exposure," and George was made his executor.

JOHLE JOHKE.

AN OLD WOMAN'S SERMON.

Students! O what can I say to please the jolly boys?
They will weary at too much sense—be disgusted at nothing but noise.

What shall I say to young students?—I, an old woman forlorn,
Who had cut my wisdom teeth years before they were born?
And who are the students to write for? Are they men, or women, I pray?

Or both? A conclusion mooted, but scouted with scorn in my day.
Why it was scouted is hard to tell. Prejudice chiefly to blame,
I think; as I think in many a case, the beginnings of which were the same.

Many a case now familiar, shorn of all trappings, and free
From the parasites, grey and unhealthy, that stifled the life of the tree.

PREJUDICE is a traitor, whom students should send to his doom,
For that while he crieth of light, he is leading to barrenest gloom.
And Oh, ye earnest young students, take other than PREJUDICE, bond!

That cold cadaver INDIFFERENCE touch with your magical wand.
Bind him and fling him, *sans* mercy, into the bottomless deeps.
He is the varlet that seizes his victims in poppy-thrown sleeps.
He is the poisoner that weakens the pulse of the national heart;
He, the aim generous and noble kills with his palsying dart.
Seize him, ye students, and bind him, and see that he dies the last death,

Or out of your warm-throbbing bosoms, he'll press every healthy young breath.

This is the old woman's sermon, I know how unwelcome, if long,
And here is her winding up blessing—"Be ye ever courageous and strong."

S. A. CURZON.

Toronto.

McGill News.

Supplementary examinations in Histology were held on Friday, the 14th inst., Chemistry on Monday, Physiology and Anatomy on Thursday and Friday of the present week.

The following notice recently appeared on the notice-board of the General Hospital: "1 P.M., at 1 P.M. 1/12/88." If brevity be the soul of wit, surely the demonstrator of pathology is witty. The first P.M. means, of course, post-mortem.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

The request made by the Delta Sigma Society to the Faculty, that the wives of professors might become honorary members, has been granted.

"Feathers from the East Wing,"
Where are you to find them?
College maids are strolling down the avenue together.
Mark them when the gas-light
Glimmers soft behind them,
Lo! from many a dainty velvet top knot peeps a feather.

"Feathers from the East Wing,"
At examination,
Surely the professors' hearts are made of toughest leather,
For on rare occasions,
Closest observations,
Show you floating in the air a microscopic feather.

"Feathers from the East Wing,"
Certainly I meant it,
Just like any other wing, and it is mooted whether
Old McGill indignant
Would not quite resent it,
Were we to despoil her of a single guardian feather.

Societies.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The Sixth Regular Meeting of this Society was held in the upper Reading Room, at 8 P.M., Saturday, Dec. 15th, the president, Mr. G. G. Campbell, in the chair.

After the reading and adoption of the minutes of last meeting, the miscellaneous business consisted of a notification of postponement till next winter, of the subject "British Examinations in Medicine;" the reason being that Dr. R. J. B. Howard had some recent alterations to enquire into with regard to the English Examinations. Then a letter was read from the Medical Football Team, offering to present to the Society's reading room the Team picture, framed and otherwise illuminated. The Secretary was requested to thankfully acknowledge the gift.

The paper for the evening was given by Mr. McKechnie, on "Inflammation," and was so well appreciated that a special vote of thanks was voted the writer.

The after debate touched on such difficult points as "chief-factors in tissue regeneration," "Causation of Inflammatory Oedema," and "Heat Production." A few minutes were then taken to examine the specimens prepared by the Pathologist, Mr. Garrow. The Case Report was given by Mr. Campbell on "Duodenal Ulcer," a most interesting case under his care at the hospital. After fixing the next meeting for the first Saturday after Christmas vacation, the meeting adjourned.

THEO DORA SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting on Dec. 11th, Mrs. Bompas, wife of the Bishop of McKenzie River, delivered an address on the Church of England Missions in the North. The fact that Mrs. Bompas had but lately returned from the scene of her husband's life-work, enhanced the interest of the occasion, and her thrilling account of missionary life among the red-men was received with great enthusiasm by the students. The Indians, she said, were remarkable for their intelligence, and their appreciation of religious teaching. They would travel hundreds of miles in their canoes to meet a missionary, and remain round his camp as long as their food supplies held out; thronging his tent by day, and far into the night, to hear more of the holy truths of the gospel, which they received with readiness almost startling. It was part of their happy, child-like nature, that they had not yet learned to doubt. The Bishop had only left the North once in twenty-three years, and as a result of his efforts, there were now fifteen mission stations between Lake Athabasca and the Arctic Ocean. Among difficulties to be met were the rigours of an eight-months' winter, the uncertainty and expense of provisions—flour costing thirty dollars a barrel—and the nomadic life and different dialects of the native tribes.

Although the Indians were taught English in the schools, the New Testament, portions of the "book of common prayer," and many well-known hymns had

been translated into their language. The cariboo was essentially the Indians' food. Mrs. Bompas' account of the various uses this animal subserves, reminds one of the Antipodal date-palm. "The flesh is often dried, and so will keep good for months; deers' tongues are among our northern dainties, and are brought in great numbers to the forts; the skins are beautifully dressed and smoked by the women, and used for moccasins; the sinews are also prepared for various uses, such as shoe-making and sewing up leather coats and wigwams; the deerskin robes make excellent covering for bed or sleigh; the hoofs are boiled down for glue, often the only glue to be relied on for our carpentering." At the close of the address Mrs. Bompas was given a hearty vote of thanks. The offerings at this meeting amounted to over seven dollars.

Personals.

Geo. Macdonald, Med. '89, has been elected Valedictorian for his year.

Mr. J. Robertson, Arts, '89, has been elected Valedictorian for his year.

Miss Reid has been elected as Valedictorian for the graduating class in the Donalda Department.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, is only thirty years of age—the youngest College President in the United States.

Messrs. McEwan, Wheeler and Delaney were delegated to represent McGill at the following Medical dinners respectively—Kingston, Bishop's and Trinity.

Mr. J. H. Burland, up to this year president of the GAZETTE Publishing Company, left on Friday for a two months' visit to England. THE GAZETTE and all his other friends wish him *bon voyage*.

A BATCH OF DEFINITIONS.

Well seasoned—The year.
 Fair ladies—The conductor's greeting.
 Current events—Ripples.
 Legal tender—A spooney lawyer.
 A light affair—A sunbeam.
 A seedy individual—The gardener.
 Fine art—The Police Recorder's office.
 The better way—The race-course.

Exercise in translation—" *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*.. "Pleasant and unadulterated rum causes in an Irishman a constantly increasing desire for whiskey.

Construed: Dulce—pleasant;
 et decorum—and unadulterated rum;
 decorum—(de-cor—from the heart, *i.e.*, pure or unadulterated);
 est—is; pro pat—for an Irishman;
 ria mori—"rye and more rye," *i.e.*, a constantly increasing desire for whiskey.

THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
 Was yet a most unhappy lass;
 She had a little sister Theta,
 And she would often bang and Beta,
 And push and pinch, and pound and pelt her,
 And many a heavy blow she Delta;
 So that the kitten e'en would Mu,
 When Theta's suffering, she Nu.

This Alpha was so bad to Theta,
 That every time she chanced so meet her
 She looked as though she longed to Eta;
 And oft against the wall she jammed her
 And oft she took a stick and Lamda;
 And for the pain and tears she brought her
 She pitied her not one Iota;
 But with a sly and wicked eye
 Would only say, "Oh, fiddle Phi."

Then Theta cried with noisy clamor,
 And ran and told her grief to Gamma;
 And Gamma with a pitying Psi,
 Would give the little girl some Pi,
 And say, "Now darling mustn't Chi!"

Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek,
 Were living just across the creek—
 Their names, Omicron and Omega;
 The one was small the other bigger.
 For Alpha so demure and "striking,"
 Omega took an ardent liking;
 And Mike, when he first chanced to meet her,
 Fell deep in love with little Theta;
 And oft at eve would go
 And on the pleasant waters Rho.

So when the hapless Theta
 Nu Alpha was about to Beta
 She down upon the bank would Zeta
 And cry aloud and shout like fun—
 "Run, Mike! run, Mickey! Omicron!"

—Rochester Campus.

Between the Lectures.

"Joe" was assisting the Professor, and happened to occupy his position for a moment. Of course the class applauded.

Prof.—"Well, gentlemen, you have a very *small* subject for excitement."

Prof. in Classics—"Now, Mr. X——, begin; *arma virumque cano*. Translate that please."

Student—(who had been out the night before and had not prepared his lesson). "To arms, men and dogs." Curtain.

A sophomore engaged in scientifically dissecting the scalp, was asked by a freshman, who had evidently been grappling with the subject of Embryology, if "that thing was the epiblast." It is needless to add that the Soph. collapsed.

A bale of oakum, which was exposed for some time in the Hospital, has about all vanished. It is said to have been "hooked" by junior members of the graduating class in Medicine, who must get whiskers for convocation at any cost.

Sister of Medical Student—"Dr.— has been so ill that they have had to cut his bell-string."

Trinity M.S.—"Indeed; how terrible!" Scene at midnight, of M.S., with dishevelled hair, in midst of a pile of books, unable to find out signification of bell-strings.

"Do you not think that this world is beautiful?" she said.

"Yes, tolerable."

"Do you not think there is poetry in everything?"

"Yes, poetry in everything except the poems we see in the magazines."

A medical student once lost a button off his vest. "Never mind," he said, "I'll move the others a little farther apart."

Three hours later a friend found him, with an agonized expression on his face, endeavoring to understand why he could not get the buttons to go into the button holes. "The vest must have atrophied," he moaned, as he sat down in despair. This is a fact.

In the swaling swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooming by, I sit by the bole of a bournful birch, with a moan and a soulful sigh; the mellowing mists of the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the flim flam fowl?
Methinks it moans from the murky mold,
From the home of the hootful owl.

Now swivel me swift from the surging spring, I'm weary of wold and wind; the grewsome graik of the jabberwock comes jimmering to my mind; the feeble song of the spotsome frog comes solemnwise soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe.

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole!
Must the blue mists blur on the tinker's drale?
And freight with their fraught my soul?

I dreamed, I dreamed of Amelie Rives, in the dim of the danksome dark, and methought I rode on a moonful main, in the prow of a pullful bark; I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along, in the stream of the starful gloat; I awoke at dawn in the dimpled day, and above is the rhyme I wrote.

College World.

All Europe has fewer colleges than Ohio.

Harvard is to have a tank for winter crew practice.

Columbia intends to spend \$15,000 in new books for the coming year.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a dormitory costing \$125,000.

By the will of the late John Guy Vassar, of Philadelphia, Vassar College receives a bequest of \$130,000.

England has only one college paper edited by undergraduates, the *Review*, which is published at Oxford.

Rutgers students have free access to Sage Library, five minutes' walk from the college, which contains 70,000 books.

A professorship of Physical Culture, with an endowment of \$50,000, is to be established at Amherst College, as the memorial of Henry Ward Beecher.

The ladies of Sage College are complaining bitterly of the new regulations put into effect this fall. Henceforth they are to receive callers only on stated evenings, and are to maintain quiet after ten o'clock in the evening.

At Cambridge University, Eng., a debate was held by the undergraduates on the subject "Who wrote Shakespeare's plays?" Many students would not vote, but of the 231 who did, 101 voted for Bacon, and 130 for Shakespeare.

One of the best-known figures in English university life, the Rev. Richard Okes, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, has just passed away, at the patriarchial age of ninety-three years. He was a man of fine scholarship and progressive mind, and the London press is full of tributes to his success, first, as a master at Eton, and afterwards as head of his college, which he raised to proud eminence among its sister institutions. But by the undergraduates of his day he will be remembered chiefly as a typical university don, with the most irascible of tempers and the most exacting devotion to college etiquette. For many years one of the most popular diversions was to "draw" the good Doctor by walking across the grass-plot in King's Quad, in his eyes the most heinous of crimes. On such occasions he would emerge from some corner of his library, in the full terrors of cap and gown, and rush after the offender with astonishing vigor, read him a fierce lecture, and then insist upon his retracing his steps and following the foot-path. Very often he would himself escort the culprit outside the gates.

Here are some words for the Science faculty from Robert Louis Stevenson, of the family who built the Eddystone light-house:—"Of engineering as a way of life, I wish to speak with sympathy. It takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbor-sides, which is the richest form of idling; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it supplies him with dexterities to exercise; it makes demands upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if ever he had one) for the miserable life of cities. And when it has done so, it carries him back and shuts him in an office. From the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat, he passes to the stool and desk; and with a memory full of ships and seas, and perilous headlands, and the shining pharos, he must apply his long-sighted eyes to the petty niceties of drawing, or measure his inaccurate mind with several pages of consecutive figures. He is a wise youth, to be sure, who can balance one

part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other.

The Princeton Theological Seminary has some students who are rather older than the general run of men who seek education. And since "Seminole," like other mortals, do not care to delay marrying too long, it follows that quite a number of the present classes are already enjoying married life. It is not an uncommon sight to see a "stately junior," or a "grave old senior," going away from the class-room with a little toddler by his side. In one or two cases, the "Seminole's" wives are as ardent students as their husbands, and at some periods can render assistance to their better halves.

But by far the oldest student in the Princeton or any other seminary is "Old Henry" Chapman, who confesses to an age of seventy-two years. Over fifty years ago he was a poor student struggling to get through Lafayette College. While there he was a classmate of William H. Green, who is now Professor of Hebrew in Princeton Seminary, and one of the trustees of the college. Their college careers over, the two young men separated, Green to enter cloisters of study, and Chapman to strive to gain a competence from business.

About four or five years ago there came a change. By the unexpected death of his brother, Mr. Chapman received an income sufficient to keep him in comfort the rest of his life. Instantly he formed the scheme to resume his studies where he had been compelled to leave them so long before.

It is a difficult matter to dispose of Mr. Chapman. The Seminary accepts of no dues from him, nor do the professors ask any examinations, although he imagines he is as far advanced as any one.

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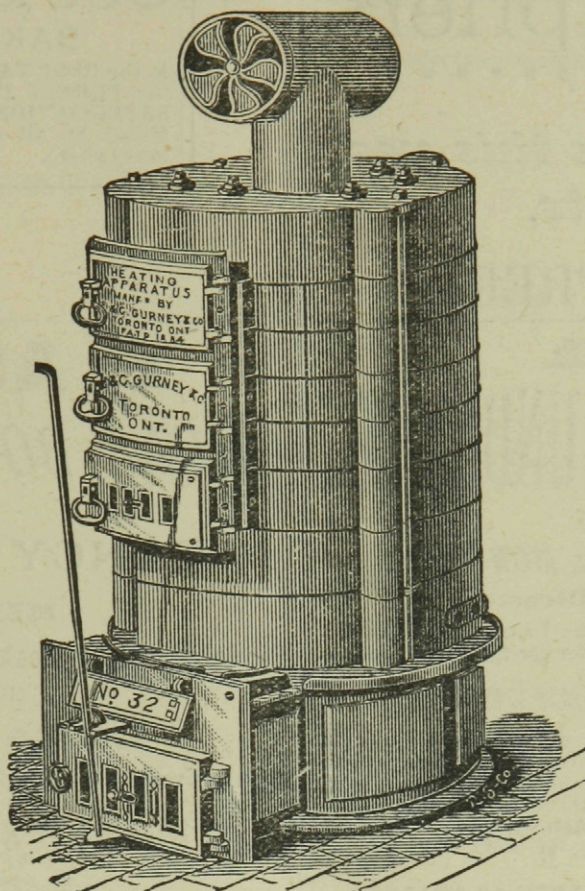
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

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